e dew of the evening came down cottage and village and town; e like a prayer on the sun-burned sir, d rested on earth as a crown.

There was peace in the haze on the hill, There was peace in the rhyme of the rill the rollin's rich note on the sir was also With a chtrp, and a song, and a trill.

Though she passed long sgo from my mind Though she left me in sadness behind, came back to me true in the fall of the dew, Once again our affections to blod.

ere was peace in the gloom on my breast I looked to the far sinking West; t dreamland I gased on bright alters to blaced ons where the weary found rest.

In the dew of the evening that fell On mountain and atreemlet and dell, Froud hopes of the past before me were east, Their tales of disaster to fell.

I was glad that the close of my day And my darkness was not far away; ad my eyelida were wet, but not with regret, In the twilight of longings decay. And the dew of my dreaming it foll On the ashes within my heart's coll; And the eve of life's close dropped her head

As she whispered, "All yet shall be well!"

HUCKSTER JIM.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

| Youth's Companion. "Peas! Champion of England peas Fresh pulled this morning!" Carroll Hutter sauntered to the window as the cry sounded in front of it. Do come here, mamma! Did you

ever see anything so absurd? Positively, Rollins has stopped the wretched creatures! It is a disgrace to the house." The wretched creatures were a donkey and its driver, a thin, lame boy of twelve, clad in well-patched rags. The donkey drew a sort of basket-wagon, also patched with willow withes, bits of sapling, etc. Inside were potatoes, peas, and a few baskets of late strawberries. Mrs. Hutter stepped to the side door, before which the wagon was drawn up,

and beck med to her servant. "Rollins, why do you bring that miserable cart near the house? You should either send it to the back door, or

buy from the provision stores." Because, madam, cook says that this boy's vegetables are just out of the ground, and those in the stores are stale. could have sent him to the back door, but the lad is inclined to resent an

order' of any sort." Mrs. Hutter, like many fashionable vomen, liked to fancy herself a capable housekeeper. She motioned to the boy. "How can you bring fresher vege tables then Scott, who supplies all the best families in this neighborhood?"

Because I raise them, ma'am." Where is your farm?" "It's only a patch-in Jersey, five miles the other ride of the river." 'How do you sell your peas?" interrupted her son Carroll.

Fifty cents the half-peck." "How does that compare with Scott's prices, Rollins ?" Just double, sir."

You are a cheat, boy! I shall not give you a penny more than Scott The boy promptly emptied the peas

double. I shall not sell them for less," Rollins glanced athis mistress. "They are worth it, madam. He sells them to

Judge Shaffer's people at that price. He's a sort of 'protigy' of Mrs. Shaffer.

Now the Shaffers reigned absolutely in that world of fashion in which the Hutters were admitted on sufferance. 'A protege of Mrs. Shaffer's? Ab! Come here, boy," said Mrs. Hutter. "You can take his vegetables, Rollins. "You can take his vegetables, Rollins tut. One calamity brings another! How did you find the means to go into Look about, men. I'll pay a big reward this business?"

"I had no means, ma'am. I was a newsboy. Mother took in sewing. One day I found we could rent a house beyond Camden with an acre of land for what our room cost us. So I took mother out there. We raised vegetables and herbs. I always bring them with the dew on them. I charge the highest price, and only take them to people who have money to pay the highest price." "What do you do when the vegetable

sesson is over?" "I bring in nuts, and pressed leaves and ferns to the same ladies. I sell to them cheaper than they could buy in the stores, and they give me more than the stores would pay to me."

"The boy has the real business faculty," said Mrs. Hutter. Her son Carroll, who was a year older than the pea-merchant, caressed his upper lip, where the mustache would sometime, and stared at him inso-

lently. "What a ridiculous turnout! Did you buy the cart and jackass with the proceeds of the patch, eh?"

"Yes. Did you ever buy anything with money you had carned?" looking at him steadily.
"17 What do you take me for, you impertinent puppy? Don't you know a gentleman when you see him, you beggarly huckster?"

The other boy stopped, surveyed him coolly from head to foot, and then said, quietly, "Yes, I think I do. I don't see him here."

Carroll grew white with rage, more as he fancied he saw a covert laugh on Rollins's face.

"Take that, you dog!" he said, dealing the cripple a blow across the face with a cane which he carried. The boy staggered back, recovered himself, and sprang at him furiously. Mrs. Hutter screamed. Rollins caught Jim and held him helpless.

"Go for a policeman, Carroll!" cried s mother. "I saw him attack you! He meant murder!"

Rollins loosened his hold. "You'd better cut and run, Jim," he whispered. Then he said aloud, "He's got clear of me! Perhaps it's as well, ma'am. Master Carroll struck the first blow. The law might have taken that into account." The law discriminates between gentlemen and ruffians, I hope,"

Carroll, loftily. Carroll was an insufferably conceited boy, and he went to school that day with a burning sense of his own importance-talked more loudly than usual of "gentl-men" and "rowdies," by whom he simply meant boys who had money, and those who had not.

Poor Jim Ludlow went home, on fire

with rage in every part of his attenuated little body. He told his mother the whole story of his encounter.

"O Jimmy, when will you learn to control your tongue? Why should you have prevoked the boy? How do you have prevoked the boy? How do you have prevoked the make others respect you when a thin, sharp knife. eontrol your tongue? Why should you have prevoked the boy? How do you expect to make others respect you when you do not respect yourseli?"

Nobody respects me. I never can

BEET sugar factories are said to pay well in Germany. One company last year declared a dividend of twenty per cent. on its capital stock, dividing \$30,-000 among the share holders.

Breckenridge Rews.

be a gentleman! source cripple.

His mother was too wise to reason with him. She drew his head to her breast, and potted him awhile.

"Now come to supper, Jimmy."

The supper was good, and neatly served. When it was over, Mrs. Ludlow lighted the lamp and placed some books on the table. Jim, with a bright face, sat down to his lessons. Mrs. Ludlow was an educated woman, and was teachwas an educated woman. was an educated woman, and was teach-ing the boy as thoroughly as he could have been taught in the grammar

It was late before they put the books way. Jim drew a handful of silver away. Jim drew out of his pocket. "Something to go into the bank, mother," he said, laughing. "Our capital grows."

Yes; but here is the capital," touching the books, "which will make you the equal of any gentleman in the land, with God's help. We'll ask for that, Jimmy." And they knelt together in

The very next afternoon, Carroll Hut-The very next afternoon, Carroll Hutter, driving out to the Park, saw the forlorn little cart and donkey in front of him. He was peculiarly elated with a sense of his own consequence just now, as he was seated in a new dog-cart, driving a pair of blooded ponies which his mother had presented to him a month ago. Yet the boy, with his dashing equipage and diamond shirt-buttons, was literally poorer as to money than was literally poorer as to money than Jimmy Ludlow. While his mother

"Get out of my way!" he shouted, with an oath.

Jim had drawn up his cart to the sidewalk, and was giving a handful of berries to a half-starved child with a

baby in her arms.

"That fellow," said Carroll to his companion, "cheats my mother by charging double price for his stuff, and then gives it to beggars.' Jim's face grew red, but he did not

turn his head. At that moment, an open carriage, drawn by a powerful black horse, came dashing down the street. A gray-haired old man and young girl were inside. The children shrieked, some laborers sprang after the horse, with a wild yell.

terrifying him the more. Carroll, in abject fear, though he was not near the horse, sprang from his dogcart and ran to the pavement.

The carriage rocked from side to side, threatening to throw the girl out. At the end of the square the street crossed Fairmount-avenue, a ong which a train of steam-cars was rapidly approaching. Men and women on the street stood

paralyzed with horror.

The horse had shied when it passed Carroll's carriage, and slacked its pace a little just then. Jim, the huckster, who had c imbed from his cart as the horse slackened his pace, sprang directly in front of him, and clapped an empty po-tato basket over his head. The animal reared, and then stopped a second, "Oh, trembling, and wet with perspiration. Troxell. The horse was seized at once by a policeman who was standing near, and the old gentleman alighted, and managed to fall as he did so, but scrambled up and helped his daughter scrambled up and helped his daughter scrambled up and helped his daughter "I don't know, Timmons, it was "I don't know, Timmons, it was

out of the carriage.

A glittering stone dropped from his breast as he stumbled. It rolled into bankrupt merchant, dolefully.

"I don't know, Timmons, it was a clean wipe-out with me," said the bankrupt merchant, dolefully.

"Oh pshaw! Troxell. You're not an

The boy promptly emptied the peas "Well, here, boy! You stopped that into the wagon again. "They are worth brute just in time!" he said to Jim, who was packing his basket in with the others. "Here! you deserve a gold medal! But perhaps this will serve your turn as well," holding out a bank-

"I don't take wages for that sort of his cart.

"O papa," cried the young lady, your diamond is gone!"
"What! what! It must have dropped when 1 got out of the carriage. Tut,

for it." Two or three men and boys went groping and stooping over the pavement. Jim alone sat calmly watching them, with a keen, anxious look on his face. At last Carroll Hutter, rapping his boot with his cane, sauntered to his dog-cart and prepared to mount. Jim stepped from his cart and ran to his side, and said, "I saw you pick up that diamond! Give it back instantly," he said, in a shrill whisper, "or I'll tell that policeman, and you shall be arrested."

The boy's face took on a ghastly pallor. He stooped, pretended to pick up the stone, and then stepped across the sikewalk and gave it to the old gentleman.

"Aha! A thousand thanks! What reward can I give you?"
"Oh, he don't work for wages, either!"
cried Jim, with a laugh, as he drove off.
Twenty years after that day, a tramp found his way to a great sheep farm in Texas. The ground was tilled with skill and intelligence. The large comfortable mansion, the outbuildings, the stately park, all gave evidence of refinement and prosperity. A gray-haired lady sat on the portico; one or two
healthy boys were playing on the grass.
The dirty, half-drunken loafer was
making his way to the kitchen, when
a middle-aged gentleman came out of
the house. He had a singularly fine the house. He had a singularly fine face, was strongly built, but walked with

a slight limp. The tramp stood still. "Who is that?" he asked one of the farm men.

"That's the judge, him as owns this place. Elected to Congress for next term. Thought everybody knew James Ludlow! "I thought so!" muttered the tramp.

"Who are you, stranger?"

The man lifted his greasy hat from his head, with a long breath. "I am Carroll Hutter. No, I'll not go in. That man's bread would choke me!" And he turned his back and went on his way. The men had found different roads in life, and had chosen them deliberately.

THE breaking of the cork tree-s species of oak growing in Spain, Portugal, and Italy—is commenced when the tree is fifteen years old, and may be repeated every eight or ten years afterward with no injury to the oak, which, in spite of its periodical flaying, lives to the age of one hundred and fifty years. the age of one hundred and fifty years. In July and August incisions are made around the tree and down to the root: the pieces, which detach easily, are soaked in water, placed under heavy weights, dried before a fire, and stacked in bales for exportation. The cork cutters cut the sheets in narrow sarips, and round them into shape with the aid of a thin, sharp knife.

fected by a Bolt of Lightning.

Seldom has the electric fluid done a more curious thing than on yesterday morning at three o'clock, at the residence of H. I. Guild. Mr. Guild and wife were occupying a bedroom in the second story, and Lottie, a bright-faced child of four years of age, with golden curls, occupied a double cot on the first floor, in company with her grandmother. Mrs. J. J. Ames, aged about fifty years. This cot was placed under the opening of the main flue of the chimney. The first recollection that Mr. Guild has of the situation was that he was on the floor of his bedroom with his wife clinging to him and screaming. He turned Seldom has the electric fluid done a ing to him and screaming. He turned on the light, and at first glance discov-ered that the patches of plastering in the ceiling of his room and in the rooms the ceiling of his room and in the rooms adjoining were hanging over his head, and the lathing protruding. The shingles in the vicinity of the chimney were torn up. He then concluded that lightning had done the work. The next thought was of the grandmother and his daughter, Lottie, below. Upon arriving in their room the little innocent, her face, head of curls, and hands black with the soot of the flue, commenced to clap her hands at the appearance of the grandmother, who was also blackened with soot. Upon examination Mrs. Ames was found to be in an insensible condition, and a doctor was summoned. He applied remedies.

The child told the story of how the thought he was at the university, Carroll spent the days in billiard rooms.

He had played away his last dollar that morning. He was afraid to ask for more, and was consequently in a savage state of ill-humor.

"Get out of my way!" he shouted. profusion of curls, which were of unusual length, reaching almost to the child's waist, and which had been of a bright golden hue, were of a blue black or inky color from roots to the tip. A closer examination revealed the still further singular fact that the scalp of the head was also colored indelibly, it seemed, the same as the hair. Up to six o'clock on yesterday afternoon, after a lapse of fifteen hours, and after repeated washings with ammonia and other solutions, every hair remained the same shade as when the change was first noticed, and so with the scalp of the

The physician said that the remarkable change might have been the result of electricity, but beyond this he did not venture an explanation. He had heard of one or two instances like it. The vitality of the hair did not seem to be destroyed, for it was still as soft as silken skeins. The child seemed as lively as a cricket, and rather pleased than otherwise with the sudden transformation from a blonde to a brunette without cost.

Mr. Troxell Gets on His Legs.

| Breakfast Table, 1 "Hello, Troxell, how do you do, anyway ?" said one gentleman to another on Fourth-street yesterday, stopping to shake hands cordially.

"Oh, I'm about so-so," replied Troxell. "I suppose you've heard the "Yes; and I was mighty sorry to hear

of your failure. It actually stunned me, but I hope you'll soon pull around

"Oh, pshaw! Troxell. You're not an hard work in you yet, besides any amount of experience to help you along."

"Perhaps so; but it takes money to make money, you know."
"Never bother—you're bound come out solid yet, Troxell; I know work," said Jim, dryly, climbing into you will. You've got plenty of friends who will help you to a starter, and credit is as good as cash. It wasn't your fault that you went under. It was John Sherman and the blamed uncertainty of the times that knocked you, along with thousands of others. But never mind-don't get down in the mouth. I predict that you'll be on your legs again before six months, and you know I'm a pretty certain sort of a

prophet in business matters."
"Yes, I know," said Troxell; "you make some mighty close guesses once in a while. But I've got a little surprise for you-I'm on my legs already."
"You don't tell me! But I knew it though-a man of your grit ain't the one to stay long in the dumps. But tell me-how'd it come?" said Timmons

with a manner warmer than the weather. "Well, you see," said Troxell, slowly, with a cross-eyed wink: "I was so com-pletely scooped out that I bad to sell my carriage, and so now of course, I'm

obliged to hoof it, you know."
Timmons said it wasn't bad, and the man who could joke like that over his own misfortune couldn't be kept under.

James Gates Percival William Cullen Bryant's now forgot ten contemporary, James Gates Percival, died in 1856. He was poor and eccen-tric and shy, while Bryant was prosper-ous. The last-named enjoyed fame almost from boyhood, and wealth and length of days-rivaling Goethe in good fortune if he did not in genius. Bryant naturally enough was fond of life, and by a simple diet of regular exercise he lived in vigorous health and with unimpaired senses and faculties to be an octogenarian. Bryant was It Pensoroso, or the pensive man. His verses are instinct with the spirit of our New World nature. The school-books a generation and a half ago imbued the New England school-boy with Bryant's poetry. He was not a volum-inous or ambitious poet, but a score of his poems are imbedded in the memories of all readers of sensibility, as well as in American literature. It is needless to recall lines that are familiar to all, but at this fervid season of the year allusion to

the mountain wind is apropos: The mountain wind, most spiritual thing of all The wide earth knows, when in the sultry time He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall. He seems to breath of a or leatial clime! As if from Meaven's wide-open gates did flow Health and refreshment on the world below."

THE chances against holding sever trumps are 160 to 1: against six it is 26 to 1; against five, 6 to 1 and against four, nearly 2 to 1. It is 8 to 1 against holding any two particular cards. The chance is equal in dealing cards that ev-cry hand will have seven trumps in two deals, or seven trumps between two parties, and also four court cards in ev-ery deal. This is so certain on an aveery deal. This is so certain on an average of hands that nothing can be more superstitious and absurd than the prevailing notions about luck or ill-luck. The chance of having a particular card out of thirteen is 13-52, or 1 to 4, and the chance of holding any two cards is 1 of 1 or 1-16. The chances of a game are generally inversely as the number got by each or as the number to be got to complete the games. complete the games.

"Honesty is the best policy;" but most policy-players prefer 4-11-44.

be a gentleman!" sobbed the poor little The Phenomenal Change that was Et. Kilnaca-Description of the Famous

Mr. J. M. Davidson, a lawyer from Colorado, now residing in Honolulu, has recently written to Hon. Alfred Sayra, of Denver, an account of a rethe letter is printed in the Denver News. The visit was made in May last, and after describing the journey thither Mr. Davidson says:

So different is the scene presented from what the visitor expects that it is difficult to describe it intelligibly or in such a manner as to give the reader any distinct idea of its appearance. The crater Kilusea is nine miles in circumference, mean width three miles, sur-rounded by a well-defined rim. The active burning lake is in the south end of this crater, and at a distance can be seen as indicated by vast volumes of smoke and vapor arising around and above the same rocky projections adja-

To this point the sightseer is ducted by a guide, and there, standing on the brink of projecting scoria, he looks down on the strangest and wildest element, surging and throwing its flery spray as it madly beats against the surrounding walls, from which it seems to repelled by some unseen power, only level down and become of somber hue and drift back to be overturned and lashed into waves and crimson shreds that fall back into the massive cauldron. The heat is very great and burns the face, and the brightness of the broken elements is painfully dazzling to the

There is no sameness or monotony, and from the smooth, dark surface of a minute's duration fringed by crimson lines, fiery flames issue with a hissing sound, each furtive glance giving a different view, and then deep rumbling as of a troubled sea is followed by the wildest and most violent agitation. Hours might be spent gazing at the changing, infuriate element. Over much of the road, from Hilo to the volcano, thirty miles, there is scarcely any earth,

showing a new volcanic formation.

Varied vegetation has commenced growing vigorously from the scarcely distinguishable soil of decomposed lava, and, indeed, the scoria now produced and thrown out by volcanic force is very friable, and its formation is unusually in thin layers, easily crushed under the foot of the pedestrian. The bottom of the main crater and exterior of the burning lake is composed of layers of lava of different colors and different comparative structure, interlapped and intertwined as it oozes along, and at short intervals, the slowly-moving masses pressing their heavy, burning fronts, still liquid, though far off from the burning cauldron. You can thrust a walking-stick into it and easily detach quantities of the consistency of sugar when struck from the valmer-pan, or

thin mush The bed of the main crater was some few years ago several hundred feet deeper below the unchanging surrounding rim. It rises and falls without any fixed or regular periodicity. The active lake of fire is at present six hundred feet below the rim or surrounding country, and the dimensions of the burning lake three hundred yards long by one hundred yards wide. This lake or cauldron is constantly changing its size, form and location from cycle to cycle, slowly waltzing around the vast area of

presses its way, dividing into many slowly-moving streams, throughout the western half of the inclosed plain, each stream at night showing its size and encroaching course, and to the visitor, standing on the rim immediately above, gazing down, it looks like a vast city at his feet, irregularly illuminated by the sport of revelers. As the lava is cooled, it is riven into all manner of shapes, breaking like ice under the in-fluence of changing tides, and as one walks over the newer formations, looking down between the broken fragments can be seen, a few inches beneath the cooled surface, bright, shiny, living fire

in massive quantities. The heat radiated from the surface is very great, but the north wind usually blowing over an elevation of about four thousand feet, cools the atmosphere generally, so the visitor suffers no incon-venience. I believe no one has lost life as yet accidentally in the crater, but I do not think any one feels naturally safe until he has ascended to the outside country, and even then the stream issuing from many fissures, bringing up sulphurous odors, makes one who is sinful and beli-ves in eternity of torment think that he is not far from his future

In ascending to the upper regions you are conducted to a small house within a stone's cast of the hotel. Here you disrobe and indulge in a sulphur bath. A pipe conducts vapor from a fissure in a rock to the room in which you sit in puris naturalibus a la Russ, and when you say "Ready," a valve is opened, admitting the vapor in any volume and of any temperature you desire. When you feel as if you were in Tartarus, and about to give up the ghost, shout "alla!" to the native superintendent, and the valve is closed and the vapor shut off. You are then douced with warm, and then cold water, rubbed dry with towels, submitting to the Lomitoni-s native remedy for all human ills, which consists in working and kneading your body with their hands as if it were dough. You then don fresh linen, and being very clean and oriental, but smelling like a match-box, you feel, if ever in your life you did feel—and it's funny when you feel that way—like taking a drink, but, by your lady you must carry your own ammunition, for strong drinks are rare in that volcanic dale. This desire being gratified, a ravenous appetite rages, which is dissipated by an hour's recreation at the bountifully supplied table of the Volcano House.

I attended a term of court at Hilo, and was retained in a number of cases, thus making my trip to the volcano pay me one thousand dollars. I success-fully defended a man charged with murder, and after his acquittal, viewing the crater, the idea occurred to me of proposing to Parliament, now in session, the policy of changing the mode of execution from hanging to walking a plank into the crater. Rome, the then strongest nation in the world, threw culprits down the Tarpeian Rock—why should not the Hawaiian kingdom, which exists through its own insignificance and weak-ness, use a natural agent subserving economy and making the death penalty too horrible for contemplation.

be more marriages, -- Turners Falls Re-THE hair of a New Orleans belle will be bright purple until it recovers from her attempt to bleach it from black to That Vicious Boy of Pulizer's.

Pultzer is looking for another office-by. He got a new one last week, but the youth has passed on to other scenes. The boy came to him in answer to ar advertisement. He was neatly dressed, hair combed nicely, and shoes shiny. Pultzer looked him over, and thought he would do. The duties into which the new boy

was installed were manifold, but his success was fully up to the average in most of them. After he had been on trial of them. After he had been on trial two or three days, Pultzer laid before him a large pile of bills and involces, and explained how he wished them folded up in a certain shape, of uniform size, and a slight indication of their contents written across the end. The boy said he comprehended the idea, and set to work with a vim that caused his kindhearted employer to pat him on the head and remark that he was a good boy, and deserved to get on in the world. About this time Pultzer was called out of the office, and didn't return for a couple of hours; when he did so, he found the task completed and the boy anxious to submit the work for the approbation he felt sanguine it would receive. Pultzer talked patronizingly to the youngster while he wiped his glasses, but as soon as he had put them on and taken one square look at the papers before him his suavity of marner ceased to be excessive. His brow darkened and his voice grew terrible as his eye quailed before such inscriptions as "frate bile on sum shooger," "pade for vittles and uther things,"
"bile on kole bot fur hows," "bile ov a
mann ho pute sum glass inter thee orfiss
winders," "pade fur fixen karridge,"
"bile fur sum close fur missus pulkzur," munney giv tew aniggore fur wotteren thee streates," "bile fur ate baruls uv

There was one brief, fleeting moment in which Pultzer might have been knocked down with a feather, but in knocked down with a feather, but in the next instant he brought his clenched fist down on the desk with the force of a labor strike, splitting the panel, upset-ting the inkstand over the new ledger, and sending things spinning over the floor, while he poured forth ejaculations reproachful, indignant and profane. Then he turned upon the boy, lifted him up by the ears, brought him down with all the emphasia he could muster, and all the emphasis he could muster, and bade him begone from his sight.

"You blasphemous little wretch!" he yelled, "I couldn't have believed that any human being outside of Tophet could have spelled so infernally wicked and maliciously as you have done. You are a whited sepulcher of the most infamous description; to the eye you appear mild, harmless and even pleasing but with a pen in your hand you could devastate the world, and turn the life of a saint into one horrid, crazing night-mare. The Bible itself, in your spelling, would shake Christianity to its base, and makes all men lunatics. You are a fraud and a delusion; a pitfall and a snare; as ungrateful as Satan, and as much to be dreaded as the seven plagues. You will grow up to be a housebreaker and a bodysnatcher, and nothing but the schoolroom can save you from the gallows. Leave me! Clear out! Vamoose! before I strangle you! Run as fast as you can for the nearest school-house! day and night, late and early-all the -and try for heaven's sake with all your might to overcome the base in-stincts that seem to have been born in dron is constantly changing its size, form and location from cycle to cycle, slowly waltzing around the vast area of the great crater.

The lava is at present thrown out of the burning lake by a subterranean passage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in a river and sage on the west side in the way to the hotel, it being in direct line by a short cut, from the depot to that portion of the city in which most of the hotel, it being in direct line by a short cut, from the depot to that portion of the city in which most of the hotel in ging in direct line by a short cut, from the depot to that portion of the city in which most of the hotel in ging in direct line by a short cut, from the depot to that portion of the city in which most of the hotels are located. It is a very beautiful white marble structure, and has retained its bright. sage on the west side, in a river, and fate which now seems to be inevitable Git! and never let me see you again till you can outspell Webster himself, or I

shall shoot you on sight." And this is how it comes that Pultzer wants another boy. No bad spellers need apply.

A Crazy Man's Queer Freak.

A character known as the "crazy Englishman" recently died at Leavenworth, Kansas. He seems to have been a reckless, prodigal ne'er-do-well, and one who was most of the time on a big spree. The following is an account of one of his "larks" when pretty well

fuddled: One night while disordered fancy was holding high revel in his brain, he hired a hearse, a coffin and several mourning carriages and proceeded to have a juneral all by himself. He placed the coffin inside the hearse, got into the coffin, attended by a bottle of whisky, and, with the hired carriages following, the solemn procession took its course through the principal streets of the city just as the mantle of night was being drawn about the tired metrop olis. No one in particular noticed the cortege as it wound its way through the crowds of carriages and buggies laden with pleasure-seekers, merely remarking, perhaps, that it was a queer time of day for such an observance. But when the procession made its appearance upon the same thoroughfares two or three times in such quick succession, not hav-ing been to any one of the cemeteries in the interval, the idea gradually dawned upon the people that they were being duped, and upon closer investigation Green was found sitting upon his coffir in the hearse, drinking, and having the best time imaginable, and too much under the influence of liquor to realize what a sacrilegious piece of mockery it really was.

Some Good Shooting.

Captain A. H. Bogardus, the American "wing shot," gave a remarkable exhibition of his skill at Stanley, England, a fortnight ago. He undertook to break three hundred glass balls in twenty-one minutes, using three guns of different weight and caliber. The humane objections which have been raised to the destruction of pigeons in matches of skill are completely overcome by this system of firing at glass balls. Two traps, each having a cup for the reception of the ball, which was attached to a spring, were placed about fifteen feet apart. To each spring there was a string, and upon this being pulled the apring was released, and the ball was thrown several feet into the air, the captain shooting at it generally in its ascent. In the space of nineteen minutes he fired three hundred and cight shots, and missed only eight balls, thus performing his task, with two minutes to spare. Notwithstanding the great exertions which such a feat involved, Captain Bogardus appeared but little fatigued. In the course of the afternoon his son also displayed great skill in the use of the gun. It should be stated that shooting at glass balls does not require so much skill as shooting at flying birds.

KANNAS CITY papers are boasting that

A Giffed Expert.

One of the most skillful experts in America is J. F. Tandy, coin examiner at the treasury, to whom I am indebted for much valuable information. Mr. Tandy has the remarkable gift of discerning the slightest fraud in specie, and yet he can hardly tell how it is done. If a counterfeit plece be concealed in a spring, were placed about fifteen feet a spring was released, the bail was thrown several feet into the air, the captain shooting at it generally in its should be stated that shooting at his performing his task, with two minutes to spare. Notwithstanding the great exertions which such a feat involved, Captain Bogardus appeared but little fatigued. In the course of the afternoon his son also displayed great skill in the use of the gun. It should be stated that shooting at plans believe the captain shooting at flying birds.

The coffee crop of Coata Rica is the plane of the most skill are land, a fortnight ago. He undertook to break three hundred glass balls in WHENEVER young ladies learn so to stick a pin in their apron strings that it won't scratch a fellow's wrist, there will

KANSAS CITY papers are boasting that eight hundred houses are now in course of erection in that city, and the demand for buildings is still unabated.

Literary Notes.

The recent publication of a Spanish edi-tion of Mr. Smiles's "Self-Help" leaves Turkey as the only European country in which the book has not been published in

Dr. Charles Mackay, himself the author of several of the best modern English songs has made an emphatic protest against the idiotic slush which is sung at the popular places of amusement in London. Gustave Dioz, better known as "Gustave Constave Dioz, better known as "totalave Z," so famous among French writers for his knowledge of women and children, that women for a long time declared his name must be a nom de plume for one of their sex, is a hardened bachelor, who lives in a studio redolent of tobacco smoke, and never sets foot in a drawing-room because he hates draws room.

dress conts. dress conts.

The personal appearance and dress of Joaquin Miller, who is now in London, are in every way as remarkab e as his writings. He has a file square forehead, long, deepset gray eyes, and an expression of mingled defiance and melancholy altogether very difficult to describe. He wears his hair very much longer than is customary in this country, and his chestant beard grows in picturesque luxuriance whither it listeth.—

London World.

In his address on William Cullen Bryant In his address on William Cullen Bryant before the sudents of Williams, Stewart S. Woodford said of him: In verse he was a philosopher and poet, and, in editorial work, a philosopher and statesman. As an editor and poet he was, in the highest sense, an idealist. His influence was for purity, chastity, honor and manliness. As a man he was shy, reserved, diffident, temperate and passionate. He possessed a philosophic, reflective mind. He was constitutionally conscientious and kept his body under strict control. He stood in daily life as a Christian stoic. In old age he became a faultless, sweet and charitahe becam ble man. became a faultless, sweet and charita-

ble man.

Of Charles Dickens's personal letters, Mr. G. A. Sala says: Charles Dickens was one of the beat letter-writers of nia age; his epistles are strong, flowing nervous and incisive in style; as carefully indited as any of his literary work, yet wholly unaffected. The letters of Dickens (so far as I have any acquaintance with them) rarely contained any literary criticism, or, indeed, any reference to literature at all. But he wrote about the most sensible "business" letters and the finest sensons of argument and advice that I ever read. He went straight to the point, and said what he had to say, sometimes in a grave and earnest manner, but always logically and exhaustively. Thackeray's and Shirley Brooks's letters were, on the other hand, full of scholarly allusions, anecdotes, quotations, bons mots and polished persifiage.

The dramatic amusements for this coun-

tions, bons mots and polished persifiage.

The dramatic amusements for this country this season, out of New York, will be almost entirely by traveling companies. The Dramatic News says that only eight cities in the United States will have stock companies.—New York, Boston and Philadelphia. Mc-Vicker, who will have the only stock company in Chicago, reserves the privilege of sending it out through the country at odd times. Spaulding of St. Louis and Miles of a incinnati employ one company in conjunction. New Orleans will have no company, San Francisco but two, Louisville none, Baltimore one, Albany none, Portland none, Detroit none, Pittsburg none. Clevenone, Detroit none, Pittsburg none, Cleve-land one (which will mainly be on the road, however). A rough estimate gives sixty-five as the number of combinations that will travel about the country.

The Bridge of Sighs.

C. C. Fulton's Letter to the Baltimore American. I am within a stone throw of the Bridge of Sighs-"A palace and a prison on each hand.

ness, whilst the walls of the palace and the prison which it spans are darkened and stained with the dust of ages. A narrow canal, about twenty feet wide, passes between the Doge's Palace and the prison. The court house was in the Doge's Palace, and this bridge, we imagine, was constructed as a matter of convenience, and perhaps to save the Re-public the expense of one of those ve-hicles generally known in the present enlightened age as "Black Maria." If Court House lane was a canal and the St. Charles Hotel a prison we have no doubt that Judge Brown would forthwith apply to the City Council to have a "Bridge of "Sighs" constructed to facilitate the business of his court and facilitate the business of his court and to save expense. This is probably all that the Bridge of Sighs meant at the time it was constructed and used, and the same kind of sighs were uttered and tears shed whilst crossing it as are now uttered and shed in those uninviting black vehicles with prison-bars in their doors that are so often seen in Monument Square. That romancer, Lord Byron, gave a fictitious importance to this simple bridge, and the world is expected to view it with tearful eyes. It is, however, a very pretty bridge. It is, however, a very pretty bridge. It is suspended from wall to wall about forty feet above the water and is constructed of white marble, roofed with marble, and having no opening to it except those carved through the solid marble, of which it is composed, for light and air, which openings form part of the ornamentation. It was built at the close of the sixteenth century, and the chroniclers of Venice protest it was never used except for criminal prisoners and common offenders, swaiting their generally well merited punishment. A bridge crosses the canal just below it, and another above it, from which a fine view is obtained. The name of "The Bridge of Sighs" is one of the expressive applications so com-mon in Italy, and has no reference to the administrative vigor of the old Venetian Republic.

(Trev Times.)

A SUMMER DAY.

Deep down beside the tangled sedge
The meadow-lark sings all the day,
And bursts at times from out the hedge
The mimic chatter of the Jay;
And here and there a wandering note,
A cricket's chirp, comes sweet and clear
Where dreamy mists of animum float
At noon upon the grassy mere.

Afar away below the hill
I see the noisy mill-wheel go.
The smooth broad lake above the mill,
The flash of foam that rears below;
And on the even slopes that rise
So gently toward the mountain's brow.
The cattle watch with sleepy eyes
The lazy plowboy at the plow.

My soul is alceping, and its dreams—
All and and sweet that dreaming thrills!
For there are other vales and streams,
And other flocks on other bills—
The hills whereon I clumbed to pull
The golden-rods and weeds of May,
When all the world was beautiful,
And all my life a summer day.

— Harper's Magazine for August.

WAIFS AND WHIMS.

A HOMELY card-player is a plain

PEOPLE are not readily rocked to sleep ov earthquakes. APPLE-BEES are sure to have a core'em.

- Yonkers Gazette. THE cigar and the cup are very inti-

mate acquaintances. Those who think awry will not be likely to act straightly.

WHY is a lady's bonnet like a cupola? Because it covers the belle. THE Hotel Mail says it is a weiss beer

that knows it own schooner. PRESCRIPTION for a pugilistic lovertake one of your own sighs." THOUSANDS who never were in battle

have been destroyed by grape. WHAT kind of a ship has two mates and no captain? A courtship. Which the festive fly so siry and spry, Concludeth no longer to flutter, He buzzes around, with a mournful sound, And buries himself in the butter.

OILED sawdust acted upon by the ays of the sun will burst forth into a

CYPRUS is about as large as Connecticut. If anything, Connecticut is a nutmeg grater. INDIANS never kiss each other, and

having seen a few Indians, we can't plame them. Gossip hugs its false measure and says, loftily, that the five grains are of no con-

sequence whatever. COLONEL BLOOD has been summoned as a witness in a Brooklyn scandal. Blood will tell.—Boston Post. In a suit between Chinamen in the

New Orleans courts, the witnesses were

sworn by burning a piece of paper. A TACK points heavenward when it means the most mischief. It has many human imitators .- Breakfast Table. THE temperance editor of the Ithaca Journal recommends fresh buttermilk as

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June,"
The poets aweetly sing;
But we think that the stuff now-a-days called cash
Is the rarest sort of a thing.

— Oil City Derrick. THE Princess of Wales, her brother, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and the

an excellent substitute for lager beer.

heir to the throne of Belgium are all deaf. The first thing a stranger thinks of when entering Venice is the Bridge of Sighs, and the gondolier is sure to pass THE acreage of tobacco planted in Virginia the present year is smaller than last year, but there is a prospect of bet-

ter crops. It is a very good thing to mean well, but if you expect to get on in the world you must also do well. Good intentions pay no debts.

THE kind of steeple-chase popular in Cohoes, N. Y., is climbing a church steeple three hundred feet high, for a purse of \$150. THERE is a particular coloring, which is in woman, powerful above all beauty, wit or genius that subtle something

which we name "charm." THE bureau of statistics estimates the amount of money annually expended in the United States for liquors, con-sumers, to be about \$596,000,000.

THE project of building a direct pipe line from the oil regions of Pennsylvania to Buffalo seems to be languishing on account of a lack of subscriptions. LAWRENCE County, O., recently gave

three contracts for iron bridges to Penn-sylvania bridge builders, while their own works are compelled to lie idle. THE value of exports from England during the first four months of this year was about \$1,000,000 more than during

the corresponding period of last year.

The Land Reclamation Company of Louisiana is perfecting arrangements to go to work constructing levees and canals and putting up draining ma-

ONE hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year constitutes the salary of President MacMahon, and he is likewise allowed sixty thousand dollars for perquisites. WE buy our experiences at a great price by the time we are forty, and then

offer to give them away to young friends of twenty, but can seldom find any body who wants them. Juny tells of a boy at school who, or being asked to describe a kitten, said, "A kitten is remarkable for rushing like

mad at nothing whatever, and stopping before it gets there." EDISON married a factory gril, ten minutes after asking her to be his wife. Then he went down to the factory and worked all night on a new invention, forgetting all about being married till one of the boys called his attention to the fact. He is as absent minded as the minister who blew the foam off a glass of water in the pulpit before taking a of water in the pulpit before taking a

The famous statue of Moses, which forms one of the chief attractions of the tomb of Pope Julius, by Michael Angelo, the great law-giver, is represented with horns. In many of the pictures of Moses by the old masters the same peculiarity appears. Sir Themas Brown, in his "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," says: "The ground of this absurdity was surely a mistake of the Hebrew text, in the history of Moses, when he descended from the mount, upon the affinity of Keren and Karan; that is, an horn, and to shine, which is one quality of horn.

YONKERS had a Fourth of July orator who said: "And while the heart of our nation continues the throb, while the hollyhock of liberty dissimulates its fragrance over the aria of our domain, while the gratitude of the free-born tons of soil—I mean sons of toil—recalls the heroism of those who bought and fled—excuse me, I should have said fought and bled—for us, so long will we treasure the noble heresy bequeathed to us by our bat-riotic posterity."

uration of iron wheels and heavy burdens.

The coffee crop of Costa Rica is the largest this year that has ever been known.

New umbrellas have a scented bottle hidden in the handle.

An ungenerous public will never learn to appreciate the work of the world's greatest humorist, the intelligent compositor; he who speaks of "Caledonia, stern and wild, wet nurse of a poetic child," and who tells of the pride the college graduate experiences in turning to his "alum water."—Turners Falls Reporter.